

War

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Summary: When 25-year-old Rosalie was young, her parents were killed by German bombers. Now, it is 1939 and war has broken out again. It is world war two. Torn between revenge she has been waiting for her whole life, and a mysterious German, which side will she choose, in the battle and in her heart.

1. Chapter 1

****Hi my fabulous llamas, its TheRubyPotter here. This is actually a fiction I wrote last year before I even joined this site but I decided I would upload it to here. Please R+R. I know these chapters will be short, but I am doing them in diary extracts so some will be longer than others. Enjoy, and this story goes out to 'Skittles', 'KitKat' and 'Zebra' for reading this story before the others and for being amazing friends. This is 'War'****

****War.****

By Charlotte Currey

My name is Rosalie. That's all I can remember.

It was dark, it was cold. I felt like my soul had been drained of happiness.

I awoke to the sound of firing gunshots and screaming people. I wanted to help, but I really couldn't- my whole body was frozen.

Being only young, I was paralysed with fear and had so many questions in my head. What would happen to me? Where am I? Where is my family, my dear sweet mother and father? Where is George, the only sweet person I had left in a world full of sorrow and pain?

Some I would never know, as they were gone. Choosing to die rather than letting me suffer.

If they knew what grief I was going through, would they have chosen to make that sacrifice? Left without a mother or father, left without a brother, and left with a life not worth living. I was 4 when that happened, and I was certain I would not let my life be lived without me taking some revenge of my own on those utterly vile, horrid men who called themselves 'The Nazis'.

****August 20th 1939- my birthday****

Today is the biggest day of the year for me, and maybe even EVER.

It's my birthday and it isn't just any plain old birthday, it is my 25th! I am finally old enough to leave the old orphanage behind and start a new life as a kind, civilised citizen. Today I can become a better person, helping others and being charitable. Even though it is great being 25, I will not have the support I need anymore! Ever since the incident, I have been attacked with many illnesses and tragedies. Being in a coma for 2 months made me forget who I was; being in wheelchair for 11 years really demolished most of my hope.

I still haven't recovered. I lost half my hearing when a bomb exploded in my back yard. Even writing that brings back the dreadful memories of my childhood. It was 21 years ago, but still I cannot be relieved of the burden that I was the one who forced them to die. If I hadn't gone to visit Emilia after school, maybe they wouldn't have gone looking for me; maybe they wouldn't have got shot. The death was supposed to be for ME but because I was selfish, I lost them. I lost them all.

I don't need to grieve the past though. I need to look towards the future with kindness in my heart and goodness in my soul.

Today is when I choose my future. I choose whether to go to a nunnery and become helpful and charitable like Sister Edith, who does everything for nothing. She doesn't get paid but she still gets content without the money.

I can choose that life, or I can become part of the devil, who does everything against the word of god to be filled with selfish joy. I can be a wife of a merchant, who helps provide food for everyone or I can become a person I really don't want to become! The choice is mine, but I have to choose quickly as the decision I make could change me.

If I could join the war as a fighter I would, to take back what I lost, but they say there will not be another war unless someone invades one of our brother countries (Poland, France, The Americas) besides, only men are able to fight in the name of the Lord our God! I believe I can choose, but I need time. Just time.

But aside from the depressing stuff, today was amazing! Madame B gave me a goodbye present- a beautiful pair of leather boots to help me with 'travelling the world'. Emilia came to visit as she is turning 25 in October and would like me to tell her how it feels. I told her "It feels like your biggest daydream and your worst nightmare at the same time! It feels like you will be meeting god but joining the devil too!

You have so much power, but you don't know whether to use it for good or evil. It is awfully frightening!" My old teacher; my old headmistress came to visit, bringing me a gift of a small pen and a pocket bible. With these gifts, I know God will be with me all this year and forever after to come.

2. Chapter 2

****Hey, Its me. I'm currently writing this sat in an overcrowded I.T room with kids talking about 'Bloons' and ' '. Sometimes they are so annoying! But anyway... ITS FRIDAY! I also have to do a big art exam after I've posted this. Have you guys ever needed to study but ended up on this website or just randomly on the internet? If you have, leave messages in my PM inbox telling me what you did. You can also put it as a guest down below \ / \ / \ / if you want to stay anonymous. Enjoy this chapter, this is War, Part 2****

****August 28****th**** 1939****

They have declared it. They have declared war on the Germans.

I don't know why, but I think it may be something to do with Poland, who we will defend until we die.

I have been waiting for this moment forever. I will fight. I will fight for revenge, I will fight for Britain and I will fight for our God.

The only thing I need to do now is make sure I don't get caughtâ€¦|

****August 29th 1939****

Today I went to get my hair cut, so I look more like a man rather than a woman-you have to be a man to join the army.

It cost me 5 shillings but it is worth it if I can relieve the burden of their death off me. I think it worked, because when I came out of the market holding and wearing menswear clothing, some boys playing football asked me to join them.

I am quite sporty so I agreed. When I got back into my 'house' I changed back into my regular clothes and sent an application form off to the army. All I need to do now is wait. My day of heroism is fast approaching and I have never been so ready!

****September 1st 1939****

Today I received a telegram back from the army.

It was addressed to 'Mr Edward Smith' who I claimed to be my nephew. I read it through and realised that I am to be presented to the Mayor at 8:15 on Saturday morning to be deemed worthy or unworthy of becoming a soldier.

That will be a problem, as I was the trader at the orphanage and I sold more than a dozen fish fillets to the mayor and his assistants whilst in market. I am pretty sure he recognises my face, so I am now

in great danger.

The last person to pose as a man to join an event got her house burnt down and had to become homeless, begging even for a scrap of food. I really do not want to be destined for that fate. I need to really persuade Mayor James Holmeston that 'Edward' is my long-lost nephew.

It was announced too in the paper this morning, the list of soldier candidates. There was also Eric Johnson, Harold Hemsworth and Mateusz Magulniscka. Mateusz (or Matt as we call him) is a shy 19 year old who was pressurised into joining by his parents; Harold has been training for this since he was 5 but Eric? I know every face and every name in this blasted town but I have never heard of him! He must be young and brave to have made it this far! I do remember Emilie had a twin brother who I don't remember but I thought he was Richard! They are both 24, so he is old enough to join, but I have this strange feeling towards Eric. I feel like I know him!

3. Chapter 3

****September 4th, 1939****

Today was the meeting and it went horribly wrong!

First of all, I was 2 minutes late, so God was not happy with my unpunctuality. Secondly, I was almost spotted by one of the mayor's clerks, Mr Jameson.

He peered at me then said "Aren't you that?", but then got called away by the secretary. When it was time for our meeting, I took a deep breath, stood up straight and entered.

Luckily, because of my change, he did not recognise me. I looked around and saw three young men looking at me. I could tell by their nameplates that they were Eric, Mateusz and Harold. It then hit me.

Eric WAS Emilie's long lost brother, the one who was hiding away all these years in cowardice! He had the same look and style as her- they must have been twins!

Suddenly the mayor came in. He inspected us closely, whilst talking in French to a clerk, who did obviously not understand a word he was saying. The secretary kept staring at James with big blank eyes.

I felt the urge to giggle but I resisted, knowing that giggling would blow my cover. He scrutinised my face, trying to put together the pieces but did not succeed. I was safe and that was all that mattered. He gave us all a telegram which told us the address of our training camp. We need to be there at 6:00 sharp tomorrow or else!

****September 5th 1939****

I am arriving at the military camp whilst writing this.

I know that it will be a hard feat, making it through training but I will try. I have to stop now, the general is shouting.

I must go.

****October 2nd 1939.****

I am sorry I haven't been able to write for the last month, I hurt my arm during gun practice, when I accidentally shot myself!

My arm is still sore, but I won't give up training.

We go properly into war on the 10th October, where we will launch a surprise attack on the German Military camp (das militärlager).

Lieutenant Smith is getting all the more stressful, waking us up at 5:00am, forcing us to fight each other, I just cannot cope! He will not stop pushing us to extreme limits and it is damaging me, physically and mentally.

If this is what war is like, I won't last long!

4. Chapter 4

10th October 1939

As I write this, I am in hiding. The Nazis found our camp yesterday and attacked, probably guessing that we would be defenceless.

We have a traitor in our midst, a traitor inside Britain. We had numbers of around 18,000, but only 10,000 of us survived when the nuclear bomb dropped. 8,000 innocent Britons died.

Now I have even more reason to hate the Nazis! I must now go, I must fight.

5th January 1941

It has been so long since I wrote in here, as Lieutenant Smith caught me with my diary and confiscated it for so long.

Never mind though, I have it back and that's all that matters. I have very little time left, the Germans are hunting us down.

They have already found Harold and Eric, and I have overheard them saying that I am next! I must stay safe, and cover all my tracks.

10th January 1941

I feel so weak, so helpless. Let me tell you the full story why.

Today I snuck out of the camp, to go hunting, when I felt heavy breathing on my back. It was a wolf. I ran and ran but I seemed to run out of land.

I started to fall down the cliffside but I grabbed a rock. I heard a high laugh with a strange accent- I lifted my head and found myself looking straight into the eyes of Adolf Hitler.

He pulled me up, then grabbed me by my hair; he dragged me to his army base. I am now in a cell, with nothing but my diary, waiting for my death to come.

12th January 1941

This place truly is depressing.

It is bleak, cold and has the pungent smell of tears roaming the air. We have to do hard labour to even be fed.

I hate becoming a traitor, I would rather die than be forced to turn against my country! Earlier a German guard visited the cell, and gave me half of a pretzel and a cup of water.

He then hastened to leave, but not before saying the message 'Das tut mir Leid'. Soon after, I was handcuffed and taken to a room where they released a horrible gas into the air.

Luckily, from my years of learning how to swim underwater, I was able to hold my breath.

At least 20 of us who were locked in there died, including Matt and Harold. Only Eric, John, Aaron and I survived, and the guard was utterly perplexed when he came in.

He cursed at us in German and we all stood smug. He then grabbed me by the scruff of my neck and threw me into my cell. I don't know how much longer I will be here, but I sure hope it isn't long.

End
file.